Pretty Easter Gifts.

With the approach of Easter all sorts of anisty gifts are being prepared, but, as flowers and candles are the most frequent choice, the daintiest and most charming cases are provided for them, and here is often the personal touch which lends such value to the smallest remembrance of the season, formany new and pretty things can be manu-factured at home with little onlay of time



Straw Triffes

fened a little bunch of viciets or any fra-grant spring flowers.

This little affair, while very pretty, is

runs into anal, who very precess, is somewhat more treddesome to make. First obtain a round pustebeard bex, to whose fid the heast and body of a small doll see garonmed. The skirt, which con-coals the participantal bex, should be sewed to the Locker. Bits of multiplied which. Personal Woman

sewed to the Loslice. Binselmin trails affect for the Ron-hon Case, dress and the lag white apron can be found in every household. The ends of the gay little plant hendref fide over the bean are knowed under the clain. The steak hamper on the bank can be foundful at a toy stop or made of posterioural and ginted. Fit both the found box and the humper with candy and put a few lats of tox or any small given speig into the latter.

For more who like crotchetting the following design for an erg root will be acceptable. It is made with replay wood in six studes of red, and finished at the top with three leaves, cut out of green velvet, but nonlocked around the edge. Commence with a chain of twelve stirches of the light of stack spitch lanks a shell of five double section stillers, with one chain strock between each shell. For the next row take themext darker shade, and a crotechetnessile a size larger modes one of making a larger crossies to need to be shell for special soliders. Continue in this way, using a larger crossiest needle for spack row, till the six are completed. The stem is a chain of five sinches, with a chain strick in each one. Draw up the top closely under the volvet leaves. These little archees, wealth with the and of a little imagination should a respectory, sell hitle arthère, which with the aid of a little imagination simulate a rasplerry, sell trodhy at fairs. The eggs med to fill the Easter backets

The eggs used to fill the Easter haskets are more ready made at home than people usually suppose. If possible, obtain two or three tin moulds in the shape of half an egg. If these cannot be had, egg shells, or strong, small chim egg rups might be substitut. Naking Ferrs of ed. Mei half a pound Cincolate of chocolate and fill

Bguid, a terspoonful at a time. Wait a moment, and then pour out what will flow. The choosints which adheres to the



Egg Costes

mold will, after cooling, form the egg and may be detached by tupping the mold lightly. Forming the perfect egg is equally rasy. This is done by rubbing the edge of one half two and fro over some warm softine and then pressing it against the edges of a cold egg.

"568 Miles of Eggs." It is understood in South Water street, was the Chicago Record, that the bens all through the country have formed a combination to "bear" the egg market and fore prices below the lowest previous record. There are already enough eggs in the mar-ket to make an omejet as big as Lake Michi-gan, but, nevertheless, eggs still come it from the country in unfinitished proce-tion. One dealer, who has 1,300 cases to with estimates that there are now in South Water screet, piled high in the stores of the count issue men and packed in the ware houses of the cold storage men, about 40,000 cases of eggs. This amounts to about 32,000,000 eggs, or, placed end to end about 568 milesof eggs. It would make take the entire population of Chicago ten days to eat up all the eggs in South Water street, or it would take one man, the steone egg; a minute for tenhours a day, nearly 150 years to ent all the eggs in the Chicago mar-ley. Prices, however, are proportionately low, and the demand keeps things moving.



Casey's

Oil

Well.

III.

Then Johnny McNevin, his knees knock

well-and experty begged leave to talk with

"What!" exclaimed the oil magnate;

"you here again my had? Won't one answer do? I can't give you work." I don't want work, pleaded Johnny. "I've something to tell you. Something awful. It's about the wells—your wells," "En?" cried Mr. Milligan, "my wells, you

say? This ain't a trick to ask for work again, is it?" Johany assured to

t last the oil producer, still suspicious, slowed himself to be led into a corner by

the boy. What Johnny told him soon al-tered his frame of mind. He listened eagerly to all he had to say, asked a few questions, for he was a man of calm and resolute character, and then, with a hearse

shout of rage, hastened to the platform

at the end of the hall, dragging Johnny will

In few but energetic words he told th

had described.

Long before 11 o'clock that night Mr.

Milligan and ten of the leading citizens
of McNevin, all well armed, lay hidden
in the barberry bushes, whence Johnny

had overheard the fire flends' plot. John-ny was there, too, for Mr. Milligan still somewhat doubted his veracity. When Mr. Milligan's watch pointed to

There Under a Shady Old Cak Sat a

dows by

producer's hand clasp his. The clasp said, platner than words, 'You've told the

11, a man came out of the sh

the Ruscals. truth, and saved us all."

the riverside, and Johnny felt the

Chatty's Snap Shot.

Copyright, 1896, by Emma A. Opper. Chatty crossed the creek and made for the oak thicket on Cathia's Hill. She had taken nine photographs. She had been out for two hours alone; alone and free. What a loy it wast She loved photographs and paintings and such things. She drew pic mres herself, sometimes.

Ste was so hoppy that the circumstances and ceased to worry her. The fact was that little, neat, black camera strapped over her shoulder was not hers, but Mr. Wiltse's. He had left it in the hall, and Chatty, ob-serving it, had been suidenly seized with, and overpowered by a longing to take some pictures herself. She knew she could; she had watched Mr. Willise doing it. She old

had watched Mr. Wilese doing it. She did not know how she had dared—but here she was on Cathin's hill with man parcurarest taken. Mr. Wilese was Mrs. Beatty's richest boarder. He and his wife and young Mr. Thurber, their grandson, had her entire second floor at a dreadful price. And Cantix Bicknell was the lattle orphanest girl Mrs. Beatty had taken from the home to help her in the kitchen.

Suddenly she bulled. There, under a shady old oak sat a tramp, snooding and shortly tramp, with a red nose,

tree, and under it a fat and frowzy tramp, screnely slambering.
"How's that?" cried barriey Thurber,
mirthfully, "Isn't size a torn artist?"
His grandparents joined in his applauding

laughter.

Things Take a stairs and landed Better Turn. In the kitchen. Chatty had looked over the beans, and was washing a black kettle. He seized her shoulders, quite as Mrs. Bentty had, but his purpose was not the same.

"See, here, Batty Chicknell," he said, "where's that free that that tramp was sitting under?"

"See, here, Datty gasped, pale with consternation.

onsternation. "Oh, I'm not a clairyoyant mind-ceader!
I've been developing your beautiful and
artistic photographs, than's all, Batty
Chicknell," Bartley explained, and be

bolten off.

Yer Willise had been oiling up ins reasoning apparatus. He joined his grandson at the door and they disappeared up the street at a brisk rate.

An hour passed and they had not revarned An four passed and they had not reduced.

Dimor was caten and desert was in order.

Chatty, who waited on the table, was saying to Miss Hawley. "Miner pic and chocolate pudding?" botshe never got any further than miner pic.

Bartley Thurber strode into the room, and



"Behold the Champion Photographer of America," He Said

and the strangest of costumes-trouvers too short for him, shoes that were not

too short for him, show that were not mates, and a little checked cap perched on one corner of his beast, which resembled a feather duster.

The tramp's eyes opened. They were bleary eyes. He stared at Chatty: he stared at Chatty: he stared at the comern. The Tramp Now Hellfred his head out the perchange the Fear of the bullow in the Opens His Eyes. of the hollow in the tree's trunk where he

"Whatcher doin' there, yer imp?" he demanded, and, glared at her. Charty was haughing still, "Git out o' this! Git!" said the tramp in a savage roar, and he got to his feet and plunged

Chatty was no coward. But the man Charty was no coward. But the man hooked strongely ferrer. Perhaps he head a knife or a pistod. Charty threw a glance at his scowing, bloated face—and fied. She husded over the fence, tearing her skirt, she scadded down the hill and across the creek, slipping off the stones into the water twice. Then she sat down to be wound and increase, rather tester. the around and haggied, rather hysters

ally.
Then she gratted her teeth and started very nd looking neither to the right nor

Strangely and appollingly enough, she found thempil assembled in the hell; Mr. and Mrs. Wittse and young Bartley Thurber, and Mrs. Chase, fat and pompous, who had and Mrs. Chase, fat and pompous, who had the third floor front, and Miss Hawley, thin and severe, third floor back, and

Chatty walked in among them. It was a errible moment.
"Charity Hickneil!" said Mrs. Bentty.
"Where have you been?"

"Taking pictures," Chatty answered,

"With Mr. Witse's camera?" Mrs. Beatty ejaculated. "How-who--" "I-I horrowed it," said Chatty. "It was here in the hall, and he wasn't using it, and I-wanted to take some pictures." "Get your wet shoes off, my dear," said

Mrs. Wiltse, who had wavy, white hair and a soft color in her checks, and a kind hook. Chatty's lips quivered at that. She groped her way to the kitchen, for her eyes were filled with blinding tears.

Mrs. Benty followed her Her temper as well up. When she had stut the door she caught Charty by the shoulders

and shook her. "You little plague!" she said. "What do you mean by such tricks? Do you think folks will put up with it? You'll drive my best bearders out of the house! You need a good trouncing Chatty's heart was sore and heavy and

lmost ready to break. Her bot tears plashed among the beans. splashed among the beans.

Bariley, Thurber, meantime, had shut himself up in the little dark room upstairs which his grandfather used for his developing room. He was developing Charty's plates and chuckling over it.

"I like her," he remarked to himself. "She's the right stuff, by Jove, if a'm

isn't."

He worked for a brief space. Then be took eleven negatives out into the light. "Strickhael's house, the soldiers' mona-ment, Custin's sawmili." he said. "Good! all of them. She's first-class at select-ing and focusing. She's got what grand-father calls an artistle eye."

At the truth he gave a longs which de-

veloped into a roar. He carried the plate into his grandparents' room. "Do you want to see a good thing?"

arter the burglary. Chapter third, we conseived a bright liden. We wont and got a constable, went up on Cathia's Hill, found tramp, and scared him stiff.

w tramp, and scared him stiff.

"He was so rathed that the color faded at of his wast, even. He doffnt wast for a to say a word, but he pawed right into be below in the trank of the tree, and rought out the watch and the scarf-pin of the open glass, wrapped up in a spotted and kercharf. Said he'd put them there for the keeping, till he could crank! mather for the keeping, till he could crank! handkerchief. Said he'd put them there for safe keeping, till be could arack' another house or two and leave fown. He'd been feeling as series and happy as a claim over it; when Chatty got her shot at him be had dropped off to sleep like a guilleless infant. He offered magmantionally to leave town right them—made an effect to do so, in fact— but the officer didn't are it in that light. Grand imale: Weary While in the beck-up the missing property safe in Grandpop's needed and Chatty Chicknell proclaimed hampion photographer and heroine of the lay. Heoray!"

day. Heeray!"
Chatty shrank beck, blushing, and half frightened. But Mrs. Wilse was looking frightened. But Mrs. reassuring smile. And Mr. Wiltse patted her head for a full

"There, now! What do you think of that, Mrs. Beatty?" he demanded, in a tone of triumph.

And Chatty! She And Now All could not speak. She could not speak She scarcely breathed.

She could not believe it. They were food of her. They had no
"artistic bent." They thought she had an
"artistic bent." They thought she was
good for something besides washing dishes. She was to live with them in the Adams

house—almost the handsomest house in town—as their own girl. Sie had never been anybody's own girl. Not till now had anybody ever loved her. Bartley Thurber always asserted that it was a story without a moral. He declared that, for all anybody could say, Chatty had taken his grandfather's camera without his permission, and that she should not, by rights, have been rewarded, even if she did bappen to photograph a tramp and produce surprising results thereby He said it was contrary to the teaching of all the Sunday school books. But Bart-

ley Thorber was a born tease.

Hung in his room be has a picture to which he calls Chatty's attention frequently to keep her, he says, from getting too haughty. It consists of two phototoo haughty. It consists of two photographs handsomely mounted and framed.

Chatty took the first—a frowsy trainp sprawled under an oak tree—and Bartley took the second, which shows a little girl backed up in a corner of Mrs Beatty's hall; a crest-fallen little girl, with a gaping great rent in her shirt, and her hat pitched at a luftlerous angle, and an expression of it a ludicrous angle, and an expression of blank dismay. And Bartley calls it and Psyche." EMMA A. OF EMMA A. OPPER

The Largest Tunnel.

The largest tunnel ever built—the under-water section of the Blackwall tunnel, inder the Thames-has just been finished. It is twenty-seven feet in diameter and one mile in length, and connects Poplar on the north side of the river with Greenwich on the south. Nearly 4,000 feet of this tunnel had to the driven by compressed air. The accuracy of the survey and the danger of the work may be imagined from the statement of the englocers that while driving under the river bed there were, at one time, but five feet and two inches of earth water. So great was the danger of the he queried. "Look at that! One of Chatty Bickhell's. Hasn't she a fire type for artistic effects, thought"

The view was of a spreading great oak overthe thinnest spots.—Chicago Chronicle. ties of clay were dumped into the river

haif a hundred match boxes. He stood by the bank only a moment, before an other figure—that of Waliers—appeared and he, too, carried a bundle. The two wretches held a whispered conversation for awhile, and then both placed their bundles on the ground. Morelit carefully ignited a match, shielding it with his lands from the wind, and applied it to his package of match boxes. Walters copied his movements in every respect. Then, as the bundles hissed and borst late flames, they rose and, with paked feet, made ready to kick them into the crock. (Copyright, 1886, by Henry Brown.)

Six short months had transformed the "When I give the word," said Morelli, tiny village of "McNevin's Corners" into "kick straight before you. Then run for your life up hill. Before morning we'll the bustling city of "McNevin." The oil wells did it all. Some lucky prospector had discovered the magic petroleum in the heart of this small Pernsylvania settlement and straightway whole thousands flocked to

for your life up hill. Before morning we'll be safe in Pittsburg, and hefore morning old Miligan w on't be worth a cent.

Now, look out! Are you reasy?"
But the fatal word was never spoken. Moved by a uniform impulse Mr. Milli gan and four of his fellow-watchers leaped out of the husbers and zeroes the creek, covering the scoundrels with their revolvers. The others followed quickly, and, before they knew what had lappened, Morelli and Walters were prisoners in the hands of their enemies. McNevin and its oil wells were gaved. sink wells and build stores and houses upon the spot.

Down below wretched backgards and tumble-down shanties sold for sums which

tumble-down stanties self for sins which seemed to little Johnny McNevin the veriliable riches of Golconda. But no one offered to buy his billion home.

He would go booldy down into the village, casting all false pride away, and seek for employment. Surely something inight be found for an active toy totle. the hands of their enemies. McNevin and its oil wells were sarvel.

When whey got back to town Mr. Milligan mounted the platform.

"Now, my friends," he shouted in his big voke. "Eve got a scheme by which we can pay back this boy what McNevin owes to him and his. What's the the matter with the town of McNevin putting its dellars together and buying an oil well for Mrs. McNevin and her son, Johnny. This same Johnny has saved millions tenight. Maybe he has saved us all our precionalives. What do you say to my scheme?"

The great crowd voiced its pent up found for an active toy to to.

Accordingly he protted down the slope
to a grocery store kept by one of the few
remaining old residents, a man deeply indefined to his father's kindness.

"Give you work, eh?" said the grocer, He Could Get joking my boy. You're He Could Get joking my boy. You're nother would be angry if she heard of it. Hesides, I don't need a boy. Half's pocket money you need, here's a half a dollar, and once here every the processors.

The great crowd voiced its pent up feelings in a wild yell of approval. Once more Mr. Milligan asked for silence. "You've all heard of the great Casey

Much Dog.

Few people, not to mention members of the canine family, are so widely traveled as Owney, the pet and mascot of the

contact.

Owney is a medium-sized, cinnamon-colored mangred, but is endowed with sufficient intelligence to compensate for any hick of refined pedigree. He has visited every city of promunence in the United States, and his trans Atharite acquaintance is equally as extensive, his badges of distinction everywhere winning for him respect and attention.

Owney entered Uncle Sam's service about ten years ago, when, a forform, homeless dog, he strayed into the Albany postoffree. Through the kindness of the mail clerks he attached himself to them, and for a number of years ran Friends of the on the road between Mail Clerks. Albany and New York, and a this way finally drafted to the New York postoffree, where when he is not "globa-trotting," he makes his home.

He will remail here two, three or four weeks, asthe cose may be, mailthe migratory fever is upon him, when he jumps into the registry wagon, which is always in charge Owney entered Uncle Sam's service about



railway mail service.

He belongs to no person in particular, but is the protege for the time being of my mail clerk with whom he comes in contact.



Then Johnny McNevin, his knees knocking together from fright, staggared out of the shade of the barberry bashes and gazed with wide-open eyes at the moon-lit stream of oil, so soon to be used as an engine of destruction for doomed McNevin. John such down the dirty, oil-smelling street to the toom half. There was a farge crowd around the door, and it took all his lagentity and strength to squeeze through. The boy singled out Mr. Milligan talking a private half for the famous Casey well—and ergorly begged leave to talk with 1 was long after midnight that poor

the mad rush to lay gold, sliver and bills upon the platform.

It was long after midnight that poor little Mrs. McNevin, pale and hollow-eyed through worry over Tommy's absence heard a tremendous uproar from the valley. and, going to her door for the hundredth time that night, saw a hage crowd hurry-ing up the tall with torches and the music of tife and drum. At first she was about to close and bar her door, but curiosity pre-vailed over fear, and she stayed to look on. To her after astonishment the mobstopped it the little gate which led into her little carden, and a small how detaching hi

town which bears his name.

BILLY'S SYSTEM.

By L. E. CHITTENDEN. One morning while Billy's mother was naking bread she looked out of the window and saw an old lady coming slowly

up the walk.

"O, Billy," she said, "here comes Aduty
Redmond for the carpet rags I promised
her. I haven't had time to look them up

"Yes," said his mother, stripping the flour off from her bands, so she could open the door.

Billy came down presently, with a great For the man was Pietro Morelli, and in his arms he carried a bundle, which— as they subsequentally found—contained

> the pans, and Aunty Redmond had gone away, much delighted with her rags, Billy's mother climbed up to the attic to see

what was going on.

She found Billy had assorted the rags
and hung the rags, all labeled with the
names of their contents, from the rafters. "Woolen," read one, "Slik another, "cotton" another, and, a very conspicuous one, was marked "Billy's rags."
"This has all the old things that don't assort for me to sell with my old iron and bottles, you see," he explained.
"Well, Billy," said his mother, "you don't know how glad I am to have this done. It has been such a bother to have to tumble them all out, no matter whether I wanted a bit of lining or a piece of

silk to line a collar. And I have often wished I had themarranged in a little more 'get-at-able' way."
"I believe that lining bag is going to

"I believe that hining bag is going to save me lots of trips down town when the sewing woman is in a hurry," said Billy, regarding his work with pride.

"There is nothing like a system atic plan, mother, even for rags," he added siyly, "William is that a pun?" asked his mother severely, "If it is I will crily say you are a bag gage," "Rag bagging, mother," asked Billy. But she had run down stairs again, so fortunately was spared this. spared this.

of a mail clerk, and off he goes to the

station.

Owney apparently has a well-defined lin-erary laid out, for no amount of coaxing or persuasion can keep him home when he wistes to go, or arbitrate in which direc-tion his journey shall extend. Whatever train he elects to board, his credentials are recognized and he is immediately taken charge of and made welcome by the postal clerks, with all of whom he is the greatest net, which affection is amply returned, for pet, which affection is amply returned, for Owney looks with much disfavor upon any one not attired in the garb of the mail ser-

He occasionally aligns at a station that pleases his famey, makes his transfers en-tirely on his own account, and appears to understand fully where all trains meet and also where and when different connections

His travels have led him into nearly every portion of the globe, one of his most ex-tended trips being to Siberia, where he went presumably to investigate the exile

No one has been able to induce him to relate his views on the subject, for Owney is a conservative beast, and, though he keeps up a deep thinking, is not given to

keeps up a deep thinking, is not given to promisenous arguments.

Last sommer his joinney extended to China and Japan. With the advent of the new year twocy allowed signs of rest: He Went as Far lessness, and ofter as Japan. some days spent in consulting guide books, January 3 saw him boarding the Fernisylvania limited en route for California, where he is so-journing at the present writing.

"O, Billy," she said, "here comes Aduty Redmond for the carpet rags I promised her. I haven't had time to look them up since then. Do you suppose you could go up in the attic and sort out some of the woolen pieces for her? Try not to get those that are like the cichics we are wearing.

"Yes, indeed," said Billy, reaching for his crutches, for he was still a little lame from a sprained ankle. "I've been wishing I had something to do. Are they in hags?"

"Yes," said his mother, stripping the flour off from her hands, so she could open the door.

Owney was an honored guest at the convention of lows benkers held at Courcil Bluffs in May, 1893, and was presented with a handstone silver tag, bearing the inscription, "Owney, our guest. May he live long and prosper."

the door.

Billy came down presently, with a great basket of rags, and then went to his den and got out some marking fluid and his brushes and went up stairs again.

So, after the bread was made out into the pans, and Aunty Redmond had gone away, much delighted with her rags Ru. But I meet with kindly treatment, And I like to be taken in."

The following "State flowers" have been adopted by the votes of the public school

scholars of the respective States: Ala-bama, Nebraska and Oregon, the goldenred; Colorado, the columbiae; Delaware, the peach blossom; Idaho, the syringia; Iowa and New York, the rose; Maine, the pine cone and tassel; Minnesota, the cypripodium, or more as inflower: Montana, the bitterroot; North Dakota, the wild rose; Oklahoma Territory, the mistleton; Tinh, the lego life, and Vermont, the red clover. In addition khode Island and Wisconsin have adopted State tree, the apple being selected by both.-Exchange.

Sea Trout for Vermont

An experiment will be made in Vermont this year with 5,000 sea front eggs, which came from Scotland. The attempt to hatch the eggs of this fish has never before bee made by a New York fish culturist and the small fish will be placed in the pure water of an island lake near Rutland, where they em be closely watched.-Exchange.

Carry Their Houses.

(Copyrighted, 1896, by J. Carter Beard.) The Tureomans, who live on the eastern shores of the Casplan Sea, carry their villages about with them when they travel. As a tribe sets out on a journey every man packs his wooden house upon a camel, which the animal can case? carry, and when a spot is reached where he and his friends intend to remain for any great length of time, the camels are unloaded and a village started, which it takes about an loar or so to build.

It is to be remembered that the houses are It is to be remembered that the houses are real houses, and not tents, and that the set-tlement is not a camp, but a village. The traveling house of the Turcoman is a marvet of spill and ingenity, and is really much lighter, more portable, and can be packed into a much smaller compare than any of the so-called portable houses that are manu-factured and sold in some parts of our coun-try.

the frame is made of strong light wood laths, about an inch broad by three-quir-ters of an inch thick, trossing each other, when set up in position at right angles, about a foot apart, and fastened at each

Use Strings Instead of Nails movable, and the
may be opened or shull in the same manner
as those toys for children that consist of



On the Murch

a squad of wooden soldiers and will expand or close at will, so as to form open or close column. One part or more made in this way, and all inclosing a circle fifteen or twenty feet across, (only the skeleton of the walls, and are firmly secured in place by leads or repes could of hair or wood fastened around the end of each rod. From the upper ends of these rods rad. From the upper ones at these rock smaller rods, beat near the wall end into something less than a task large, are so disposed that the longer pertions slope to the center, and, being rid with roges, form the roof. Over this is thrown a covering of hisch felt, having in the center a large hole, which answers both for a window and a chimner. Large paces of the same course black felt are wrapped around the walls, and outside these, so keep all tight, is bound another frame of split reeds or canes, or of some very light touch wood, bound closely together with strong cord, the pieces being straight up and down. This is itself secured by a broad band of woven hair stuff passed around the whole structure and united in the code.

The folics who live in these portable.

the ends.

The folks who live in these portable villages are stronge people. If they should enten you in one of their robbing expeditions—for they are a mation of ribbbers— Are a Nation they would take away of Robbers, everything you had, and, making a slave of you treat ron with the utmost cruelty, but if you should come to them as a visitor, even though a perfect stranger, they would entertain you as a brother, feed you, perhaps clothe you, give you a horse to rice, and provide as far as they could for the roll of your poursey. Their villages are generally square, cacks ing an empty square or forming a broad their charges are generally square, cause my an empty space or forming a broad street, the houses being placed on either side, with their doors toward each other. But, although these portable houses of the Turcomans are so shiftally contrived, they can scarcely be said to be as light and the for their sources for the said to be as light.





Turkoman Tartar Village.

used by the hermit crab, who, instead of having to employ other admats to carry his house, manages to take it around with him wherever he goes, and seems to have no trouble at all in carrying it himself.

The auctioneer was trying to dispose of the ffects of a dime nuscum whose proprietor

had gone into bankruptey. The crowd was not enthusiastic and the bidding was slow. "Perhaps you would like to bid on some of these mammies, gentlemen," he said. "You don't seem to want anything else. I warrunt these mammies to be genuine, or no sale. How much am I offered to start 'emf How much?"

There were no bids. "How much am I offered to start a ingle mummy, gentlemen?

There was no response, and the disgusted actioneer turned to the namunies. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "how ich am I offered for this crowd of stiffs I've been talking to?"-Chicago Tribano

Strong Evidence. Minister-And do you believe that your reatest troubles come from braven? Deacon-Well, they say that's where marriages are made. Yenkers and Y.1 Statesman.